

# The L O V E R.

By MARMADUKE MYRTLE, Gent.

—Scribere Jussit Amor.

Ovid.

Saturday, May 22. 1714.

I Shall make this Paper consist of one or two Letters. The first is from *Philander to Emilia*, but was probably intercepted by the Good-natured Directress whom I mentioned in my last. There is so much Love and Sincerity through the whole, as must have affected the most stubborn Temper.

*Philander to Emilia.*

*Madam,*

IF you judge of my Passion only by what I said, when I had last the Honour to see you, you very much injure a Heart like mine, that is filled with Sentiments too lively, too tender to be expressed. I hardly know indeed what I said. What I very well remember is, that I was all Love and all Confusion, that I found it more difficult to speak before the Woman I was born to admire, than I have formerly done before the largest Assemblies.

At the same time I must confess, I was not a little amazed at being so often interrupted by a Creature, whom the most common Rules of Civility ought to have kept at a much greater distance. I must own, Madam, I was perfectly at a Loss how to behave my self on such an Occasion, and whether I ought to stifle my Resentments, or give way to them, while I was so near a Person whom I had rather die than offend.

As to the business of Fortune between us, I have no other Proposal to make, but that I may put my whole Estate into the Hands of your Council, to be settled after any manner which you think will make you most easy. I hope I have long since resolved that my Carriage shall be such, if ever I have the Honour to be called your Husband, as shall unite our Interests by the surest Tie, I mean that of *Affection*. Give me leave to assure you, Madam, with a Freedom which I think my self obliged to use on so serious an Occasion, that even as beautiful as you are, I could never be contented with your Person without your Heart. All I desire is, that I may have leave to

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try if my utmost Endeavours to please and deserve you, can make any Impression on it. I only beg I may be allowed to explain my self at large on this Head, though at the same time, to confess the Truth, Madam, I cannot help entertaining a vain Hope, that Providence had a much more than ordinary Influence in my first seeing you, and that I shall act with so much Truth and Sincerity in my Pretensions to you, as may possibly move you to think, that tho' I can never fully deserve you, I am much too sincere to be slighted. Vouchsafe, Madam, to hear me, and either root out this foolish Notion by a frank and generous Denial, or bless me with an Opportunity of dedicating my whole Life to your Service, and doing whatever the Heart of Man can be inspired with, when it is filled at once with *Gratitude* and *Love*. I am,

*Madam,*

*With infinite Passion,*

*Your most devoted,*

*Most obedient, humble Servant, &c.*

The next Letter was sent me last Week by a Lady whose Case is truly deplorable, if it is really such as she here represents it. I shall insert it, as she desires, for the sake of the Moral at the end of it.

S I R,

I Am perhaps the most unfortunate Woman living. My Story in short is this. *Cinthia*— Pardon those Tears that will fall upon this Paper at the sight of his Name—I would tell you that I was long and passionately beloved by him— But how can I describe the Greatness, the Sincerity of his Passion! What Pains did he not take? What Method did he omit to shew how much he valued me? I must have been the worst, the most foolish of my Sex, to have been insensible to so much



much Truth and Merit. I loved the dear, the unhappy Youth, with a Passion not inferior to his own; but out of a foolish Reserve, which our silly Sex seldom know when they ought to keep up, and when lay aside, I rather chose to receive his Messages, and send him his Answers, by a Female Confidant, than to see him my self. *Doria* (for so I shall call the Wretch) had long been a common Friend to us both, she had a thousand times talked to me of *Cinthio* with all those Praises he so truly deserved; when one Day she came to me, and with a seeming Anguish of Mind told me, that *Cinthio* was the worst of Men, and had basely betrayed me. It would be too tedious to give you an Account of the Fact she charged him with. I shall only inform you, that there happened at that time to be so many unlucky Circumstances, which made what she had told me look like Truth, that I could not help believing her. She found the way to work up my Passion to such a height, that I made a Vow never to see or receive a Message from him more; and within a Fortnight after, by her instigation, took a Man for my Husband whom I could neither Love nor Hate. I was no sooner Married, than I was fully convinced my *Cinthio* had been abused. After I had for some Days endured the sharpest Pangs of Rage, Despair, Jealousie and Love, I composed my self just enough to send him word that I was satisfied of his Innocence; but conjured him, if he had ever loved, to avoid seeing me. I was this Afternoon obliged to go to a near Relation's. The first Person I fixed my Eyes on when I came into the Room was *Cinthio*, who immediately burst into a Flood of Tears, made a low Bow, and retired.

I had much ado to forbear Fainting, but am got home, and am this moment enduring such Torments as no Words can give a Notion of. I am undone; but before my Senses are quite lost I send you this, that it may for the future be observed as a constant Rule by my unhappy Sex, *Never to condemn a Lover, however guilty he may at first appear, till they have at least given him an Opportunity of justifying himself.*

I am, S I R,

The most unhappy of Women,

J. C.

P. S. I had like to have omitted informing you, that when I sent a Letter, in the Anguish of my Soul, to the Wretch above described, to desire I might know why she had ruined me, I received the following Answer.

Dear Jenny,

“THE Fellow you mention talked so perpetually about you, and took so little Notice of any Body else, that I could at last no longer endure him. I plainly foresaw, that if you had ever come together you would have been Company for none but your selves, for which Reason I took Care to have you marry a Man with whom, if I am not mistaken, you may live as other Women generally do with their Husband.

I am Yours, &c.

## ADVERTISEMENT S.

On Tuesday next will be Published,  
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